



LOVE AND VENGEANCE.

(Continued.)

AS soon as she was on the ground, she thrust her hand down her throat as far as she could, and as she had before eaten heartily, it was not difficult to produce vomiting. The alimentary substances had prevented the poison from immediately attacking the coats of the stomach, and she felt herself somewhat relieved. A hog, which devoured what she cast up, died on the spot.

All the entrances of the court, and even of the stable, were fastened. She luckily met with a helper belonging to the stables. "I am a dead woman," said she, "if you don't instantly open the stable door, and let me out." The fellow was affected at the state in which he beheld his mistress; without stopping to ask any questions, he took her in his arms, carried her through the stable, and delivered her to the care of the first woman he met.

Meanwhile Perrette had apprized the assassins of the escape of their sister-in-law. While the

Marchioness was wandering about at random, in quest of protection, they hastened after her, crying that she was deranged in her intellects, and subject to hysteric attacks. Whoever had seen the Marchioness du Gange running abroad with bare feet, dishevelled hair, a torn gown, distorted features, and crying aloud for help, must indeed necessarily have imagined that she was not in her senses.

Three hundred paces from her own residence, close to the house of M. des Prats, the Chevalier overtook her, and compelled her by force to enter. The Abbe with a pistol in his hand, posted himself at the door, and threatened to shoot all that approached, because, as he said, he did not chuse them to witness the follies of his sister-in-law.

M. des Pratt was not at home. His wife had some of her female friends with her. The Marchioness kept crying out that she was poisoned. A lady, named Brunelle, secretly put into her hand a box of theriacal lozenges, some of which the Marchioness took, when the Chevalier, who with hasty step walked up and down the

room, happened to turn his back. Another lady gave her a glass of water, but the Chevalier dashed it from her lips, and begged the ladies to let his sister-in-law alone, and not to confirm her in her foolish fancies. He added, that he was there to take care of her, and he should not leave her till she was better.

The Marchioness flattering herself that she might perhaps still be able to soften the villain, requested the company to retire to the next room, and to leave her alone with him. They complied—she then threw herself at his feet, again reminded him of the many kindnesses he had received at her hands, and swore that she was ready to bury in oblivion all that had passed, and to be in future implicitly subservient to his will. Instead of replying, the monster drew his sword, gave her two stabs in the breast, and afterwards, as she was running towards the door, crying for help, five others in the back, with such force, that the weapon broke, and a piece of it was left in her shoulder. On this he hastened to the Abbe, who was still guarding the door, and said, "Come along, brother, 'tis all over."

The noise brought back the ladies to the room where the Marchioness was, and there they found her swimming in her blood. Conceiving that some relief might yet be afforded, they threw up the

windows, calling aloud for help, and a surgeon. The Abbe hearing this, and fearing lest his sister-in-law might yet be saved, ran back into the house, forced his way to the Marchioness, clapped his pistol to her breast, and pulled the trigger. The pistol flashed in the pan, and Madame Brunelle seized his arm. He thrust her from him, and was turning to knock the Marchioness on the head with the butt-end, but all the ladies fell upon him at once, and turned him out of the house.

They secured the door, and then hastened to the assistance of the Marchioness. One of the ladies succeeded in staunching the wounds, and in extracting the piece of the sword-blade, which stuck so fast in the bone, that at the request of the Marchioness herself, she was obliged to apply her knee to the shoulder, in order to draw it out. The wounds were bound up, and none of them was considered mortal.

The magistrates of Gange soon arrived with an escort of armed men, and offered the Marchioness their protection, which she accepted. A guard was accordingly stationed round the house of M. des Prats. The Baron de Tressan, Provost-marshal, pursued the murderers with the *marechassée*, but without success. It was nine at night before they quitted their sister-in-law. The darkness favored their escape, and they reach-

ed Auberas, a country-seat belonging to the Marquis, four or five miles from Gange. They mutually reproached each other in the most violent manner, for having failed to accomplish their purpose. This mortified them to such a degree, that they could almost have killed one another for rage. They were even uncertain whether it would not be better to go back and complete the murder; but they were aware that from the publicity of the last attempts, people would certainly be on the watch to apprehend them. They sought, therefore, to avoid an ignominious death. Having reached the environs of Agde, they embarked near Gros de Putaval. The sequel will shew what became of them.

All possible assistance was afforded to the Marchioness. Surgeons and physicians were fetched without loss of time from Montpellier. All the gentry in the neighbourhood appeared in person to testify their profound sorrow for her disaster. The Marquis was still at Avignon, when the account of his wife's assassination reached him. He had probably not imagined, while planning her death with his brothers, that their rage would lead them into such open and cruel excesses, but that they would prefer the more private method of a dose of poison, secretly administered. He appeared struck with astonishment on receiving the intelligence, and then burst out into violent execrations against

his brothers, on whom he swore to be revenged, and acted his part in presence of the courier to admiration. This courier was the valet of the Abbe du Gange, whom the latter had himself dispatched to his brother with this message; a circumstance which in the sequel threw so much the more suspicion on the Marquis. Neither was he in any haste to rejoin his wife; he staid at Avignon till the next day after dinner, and visited several persons, to whom he never mentioned a syllable concerning the misfortune of the Marchioness. He was three days on the way to Gange, which journey the Abbe's messenger had performed in one single night, and when he reached the place, he sent a clergyman to announce his arrival to his wife. He was received with all the tokens of sincere affection that it is possible to bestow on the best of husbands. She only observed, in the mildest terms, that he seemed to have forsaken her. She gave him her hand, and assured him that she cherished the utmost regard for him.

The Marquis had the heart to attempt to avail himself of this disposition of his wife, and to intreat her to revoke the declaration which she had made before the magistrates of Avignon. The Marchioness, however, positively refused to make any alteration in the testament which she had executed in that city, because it contained the real and virtual inten-

tions of her last will. It is supposed that at this moment the Marchioness first discovered the genuine sentiments of her husband, but that she did violence to her own feelings in order to conceal her suspicions; for she had then nothing to fear from such a man, if she had reason to imagine that he was an accomplice.

No farther mention was made of the will, and the Marquis continued with his wife, who still remained at the house of des Prats. She had indeed been anxiously desirous to be conveyed to her mother at Montpellier; but her medical attendants opposed her removal, on the ground that it would endanger her life.

Her mother, Madame de Rosan, hastened to her daughter; she was not a little astonished to find the Marquis with her, and both of them on such good terms with each other. She staid but three days, being unable to endure the sight of a man whom she looked upon as the ringleader in the sanguinary business.

The Marchioness requested the sacrament to be administered to her; but with what horror was she struck, when she beheld the same Perrette, who, acting the part of an assistant to the murderers, endeavoured to hold her by the gown, and threw the pitcher after her, entering with the consecrated water. She supposed that it was his intention to poison her,

and positively refused to receive the holy communion till he had first taken half himself. Perrette complied; on which the Marchioness likewise communicated; at the same time solemnly declaring that she forgave her murderers, and imploring all present to use their endeavours to procure their pardon of offended justice. The approach of death, which, as she well knew she could not escape but by a miracle, had rendered her insensible to all the pleasures of the world. She remained indifferent to all the praises that were lavished on her personal charms, which never appeared more blooming and more captivating than during this illness. Her son was obliged to remain constantly at the head of her bed, and she endeavoured to persuade him to suppress those feelings of revenge which already began to rankle in his little heart against the assassins of his mother.

Justice, however, could not suffer so black a deed to pass unrevenged. The parliament of Toulouse deputed the celebrated M. de Catelan to take the deposition of the Marchioness, and to institute the necessary investigation upon the spot. Immediately after his arrival he had a private interview with the Marchioness, and dexterously drew from her a circumstantial and accurate relation of her whole melancholy story. At the same time she acknowledged that she disliked very much

to remain at Gange, because she had just reason for not thinking herself safe there, and begged him to suffer her to be removed to some other place. M. de Catelan most solemnly assured her that she might make herself perfectly easy, and divest herself of all apprehension; but he was not able to reason her out of her aversion to the theatre of this catastrophe. This examination, that painted anew to her mind, in lively colours, a detailed picture of the horrible scenes of which she was the victim, increased her illness. She passed the night in excruciating pain, and expired about four in the morning of the 7th of June, 1667.

M. de Catelan ordered Perrette and the Marquis, who, every night since his arrival at Gange, had been closeted with the rector, to be taken into custody. The Marquis told the persons employed to apprehend him, that it was unnecessary to use violence, as he was himself determined to be avenged on the murderers of his wife, wherever they might be. Seals were, however, put upon all his effects, and he was conducted to the prison of Montpellier, which place he reached at night. All the inhabitants were at their windows; they had illuminated their houses in order to see him pass, and every body loaded him with the bitterest execrations. All the ladies of Montpellier and Avignon considered the misfortune of the Marchioness du Gange as their own;

in every company the punishment that ought to be inflicted on her murderers, was the only topic of conversation, as if this catastrophe had befallen each individual family.

(To be concluded next week.)

CURIOSITIES OF PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

And sweet religion makes a rhapsody
of words. *Hamlet.*

Example of the swell in Theology.

Exordium of a sermon which father Sella, a French Dominican, had the courage to preach in Poland, before his excellency Cardinal de Janson, Ambassador there.

"GENESIS ix. 13. "*I do set my bow in the cloud.*"—The bow enriched with clouds becomes the crown of the world—the gracefulness of the air—the garland of the universe—the salubility of heaven—the pomp of nature—the triumph of serenity—the ensign of love—the picture of clemency—the messenger of liberality—the mansion of amorous smiles—the rich stanza of pleasure—in fine the trumpet of peace, for *I do set my bow in the cloud.*

"It is a bow, gentlemen, with which, the roaring thunder being appeased, the heavenly Orpheus, in order insensibly to enchant the whole creation, already become immoveable by his divine harmony plays upon the violin of this uni-

verse, which has as many strings as it has elements—for *I do set my bow in the cloud.*

“Yes! it is a *bow*, in which we see Mars, the eternal god of war, who was just now ready to overwhelm the world with tempests, metamorphosed into a god of love—Yes! it is a *bow* all gilded with golden rays—a silver dew—a theatre of emeralds—rubies and diamonds, to increase the riches of this poor beggarly world. *But you perceive, gentlemen, I am speaking of that celestial star, that bow in the cloud, Mary Magdalen.*”

Bravo! Mary Magdalen is like a rainbow, and a rainbow is like a fiddle-stick! *Furetieriana.*

Specimen of a *sublime parallel*: from a sermon called the *Everlasting Covenant*; by Marmaduke James, preached at St. Paul's, London, before the gentlemen of Nottinghamshire, on the day of their yearly feast

“The town of Nottingham doth run parallel with Jerusalem.—Was not Jerusalem set upon precipitous hills, and is not Nottingham so? And as the mountains stood about Jerusalem, do they not so about Nottingham?—And as there were two famous ascents in Jerusalem, is it not so in Nottingham?—I need not tell you, that the soul of man is a precious thing, and the loss thereof sad in any country; yet methinks in the aguish parts of Kent and Essex, where I have seen sometimes a whole parish sick together, the souls that mis-

carry thence, seem but to go from purgatory to hell: but those that perish out of Nottinghamshire, go from heaven to hell. When a soul miscarries out of Nottinghamshire, methinks, in melancholy visions, I see the infernal spirits flocking about it, and saying—Art thou come too, from those pleasant mountains, to these Stygian lakes? &c.

The preacher tells his auditors he “came twenty-four miles in slabby weather,” to preach this important matter to them!

DIVISIONS.

The venerable Bishop Latimer, in a sermon preached at Cambridge, in 1529, at Christmas time, from John 1. 19. *Who art thou?* divided his sermon, in allusion to a pack of cards, into four parts, which he called diamonds, hearts, spades, and clubs; the pope was the king of clubs, and *hearties were triumphes.*

See Fox's acts, and mon. fol. Edit 1397, p. 1571.

COMPARISON.

The Christian's life a Game of Cards.

“He that hath no *charity* in his *cribbage*, must needs be *bilkt* at his *last account*, for all that faith, which he *turneth up* in his profession. Let us *prog* less for gifts, and *pray* more for grace. The fairest way into the *city* of the text, is through the *suburbs* of the verse before it.” This divine complains of a young

practitioner in theology, who *stole* his sermons, and printed them in his own name. What a thief!

See *Edward Willan's Sermons, Vicar of Hoxne, Suffolk, 1651.*

From a *funeral Sermon* preached in the last century.—Text, Genesis, 5th ch. p. 5th verse—"And the days of Adam were 930, *and he died.*"

"We are met on this solemn occasion to do our last office to a friend, to bring him to his long home, to wait on him to his bed-chamber, there to take our last leave, and good night for ever; draw to the curtains, and put out the lights.—It cannot be expected I should say any thing of the deceased; being a stranger, I know nothing of his conversation, nothing of his life; but this I know, he was a son of Adam, he has followed his forefather, as we must all do him—" *and he died.*"

"We are discoursing over the dead, and dying stories should be sad stories; such a one I have to tell you: a tragedy, the saddest under heaven; never such a killing tragedy, where the world is slain in one act. Adam's tragedy, which we have acted in the chapters before: the persons, Adam, Eve, and serpent. The stage at first strewn with flowers, paradise, now with blacks.—The plot, a most devilish plot, the most confounding plot, sin; the catastrophe, the end of all, is the text, Adam's exit. Exit Adam, carrying off the dead—" *and he died.*"

One would wish to reverence, for his hoary head's sake, a man, who says, in the dedication of the above sermon, that he was annos jam natus octoginta tres et circiter diuivium; especially as he adds, that the printer could not read his hand; but really the sermon would have edified and diverted the friends of the deceased full as much, had he simply said that Adam and his neighbours had kicked up their heels.

Humphrey's Sermons, page 191.

W.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

That pallid cheek, and blood-stain'd eye,
Denoteth extremity of guilt and misery.

THE more refined the world becomes, in the art of luxury, and what is falsely called high life, the more doth vicious propensities gain an ascendancy over the human understanding; the innovations upon morality that are daily making rapid progress among us, were by our progenitors never conceived; and we can now commit actions without a blush, that by a few generations past, would have been contemplated with remorse, if not horror. To enumerate separately what those innovations are, and the probable consequences that may in time ensue from their adoption, would take more time than I intend at pre-

sent bestowing on the subject. I shall therefore merely make some observations relative to an evil that is universally courted by the rash and unthinking. It is clothed in the beautiful vestments of *Honor*, and worshipped under that name, without having the most remote title to the appellation; and it is observable that its most zealous votaries are persons (generally speaking) who have been guilty of every thing in contradistinction to the dictates of *genuine* honor, that seek to hide their original or acquired baseness, by substituting the evil I speak of in its stead; men, who are not ashamed to plunge themselves into the vortex of infamy and disgrace, but whose nerves are of so irascible a texture, that they cannot bear to have their enormities touched upon, and should some man unadvisedly let fall an admonition or remark, he may rest assured, there will be no other way by which he can deprecate the wrath of the offended, but by giving him *honorable* satisfaction, or in other words, suffering his *blood to be spilt*, or spilling that of his enraged adversary. This *honorable* way of taking satisfaction for injuries real or supposed, has extended itself so far, that the most trifling affair cannot be compromised without having recourse to weapons of *death*: no ties, public or domestic, however strong, are of sufficient moment to excuse an aggressor from attending a message to decide the cause by mortal arbitrement; and if he

should not be fool enough to hazard his person upon the invitation of every *upstart* who feels an inclination to acquire "a name in arms," and who more than probable has nothing but a worthless life to lose, (having already disposed of its blessings—health, friends, family and fortune,) the decliner will be stamp'd with the opprobrious epithet of coward. Strange doctrine! and more strange infatuation, that those who are understood to comprise the *fashionable* part of the community, should sanction, by their approbation and countenance, principles so diametrically opposite to every thing religious or moral; and who would despise a man, and treat him with contempt, because he had sufficient fortitude and virtue to abstain from an action that might possibly hurry all he held dear into irrevocable ruin. To send or accept a challenge, is an easy matter; to fight upon the motives that prompted it, is also easy, but to reflect upon the subsequent consequences, is dreadful, is horrible! Should the surviving party be possessed of *any feeling*, his contemplations must be of the most distressing kind; he has imbrued his hands in the blood of a fellow creature, and with a "mind diseased," is obliged to abandon his home, and court a sanctuary in another country; and he who falls, robs his family of that affection and support, which he was bound by the laws of nature and consanguinity to have bestowed upon them. Surely if the crime of murder

haunts the perpetrator with never-ending anguish and misery, (and that it does, we have incontrovertible evidence) the case of the victorious duellist cannot very materially differ ; in fact, the only distinction is, that the former is subject to greater pains and penalties by the laws of the land, and the latter is palliated in the eyes of the world, by example and custom ; yet I believe the offence, according to the *laws of God*, to be one and the same, and that he who takes the life of another, agreeable to the *honorable mode*, does not rest much easier, under his weight of guilt, than the midnight assassin ! neither do I see any reason for thinking to the contrary. It certainly is not a duty imposed ; no, both parties meet, *voluntarily, coolly, and deliberately*, for the express purpose of shedding blood ; they have sufficient time for calm reflexion, and the allay of passion, therefore cannot plead in extenuation the impetuosity of an ungovernable temper, wrought upon by provocation, which on indictments for murder of *another kind*, goes great lengths towards ameliorating the punishment of the delinquent. Among the ancients, it was deemed *honorable* for the first classes of society to cultivate the strength of the body, as well as that of the mind ; and it was no uncommon thing to see a man bearing down all opposition by the powers of his elocution, at the bar or in the Senate house, on one day, and on the next to witness him, trying the

strength of his limbs, in a wrestling match upon the plain ; nay, so tenacious were the men of Sparta, Rome, Athens, &c. of their corporal powers, that no greater stigma could be attached to the name of a person, than that of effeminacy ; and he who could not sling the ponderous bar, pitch the heavy quoit, or use the powers *nature* had given him, in his own defence, was looked upon as unworthy to mix with society, and treated with the most ineffable disdain. The contrast between the past and present, is astonishingly great ; a fine gentleman's prowess of this age, chiefly consists in his rising up and sitting down, cleaning his nails, and picking his teeth, and this is done with so many grimaces and contortions of countenance, that one would almost suppose the operator labored under a dread of dislocating his delicate joints ; in short, the wish of being thought too *polished* for the exertion of any bodily strength, has nearly premealed the minds of all those whose fortunes and situations in life render them capable of existing without it ; and should a person of the present day receive an insult by sarcastic language, a witty jostle, or even a spit in the face, he is not to resent it as a *man*, by caning, or otherwise beating the unmannerly offender on the spot, oh no ; that would be "*abominable, shockingly horrible.*" What ! turn pugilist ? or (to use some words from the vocabulary of those modern refin-

ers of *langurge* as well as manners.) "fight like a cartman or porter, with *fisty cuffs*." It never could be tolerated, the thing would be so cursedly *ungenteel*. No, the affront, in public, is to be packeted with *savage* frigidity, cards exchanged, and shortly after one or both parties must be *politely murdered*, to satisfy the honorable niceties of the concerned. The laws that at present exist against the destructive practice of duelling, in this and other states, though considered pretty severe by the *fashionable gentry*, is still inadequate to eradicate the evil. Sometime since, looking over the Spectator, I observed in number ninety-seven, an edict against duels, by *Pharamond*, king of the Gauls, and it is my opinion that the next session of Congress could not employ a small portion of their time to a better purpose, than by transcribing the said edict (with some few alterations) into the statute book of the United States, as an effectual remedy against the dreadful and growing practice of *Gentlemanly Homicide*.

O. W.

Orange County, Sept. 1809.

"Tis as offensive to speak wit in a fool's company, as it would be ill manners to whisper in it; he is displeased at both for the same reason, because he is ignorant of what is said.

VARIETY.

RECENT ANECDOTES.

Communicated by Julia Francesca.

Lord Evelyn Stuart, son of the Earl of Bute, an officer in the Guards, wore large mustachios, and appeared thus in the House of Commons, of which he is a member. One day Mr. C. thus addressed him, "My lord, now the war is over, won't you put your mustachios on the Peace Establishment?" "I do not exactly know that," replied his lordship, but I advise you to put your tongue on the Civil List."

In the month of August, a servant was arrested in the city instead of his master; when the explanation took place, the bailiff observed, that master and man dressed so much alike now a-days, it was impossible to tell the one from the other.

During the late trial between Wright and Wardle, one of the counsel, in his cross-examination, sneeringly asked Mrs. Clarke under whose protection she now was? Mrs. C. looking at the bench, archly replied, "Lord Ellenborough's." His lordship smil'd, and the court was convulsed with laughter.

A very beautiful woman having the miniature picture of her ugly husband suspended on her bosom, asked Mr. Moore, the celebrated translator of Anacreon, whom he thought it like. "I think," said he, "it is like the Saracen's head on Snow-hill."*

* A noted Inn at that place.

After Mr. Bouden had read his *Aurelia* and *Miranda* in the Green Room at Drury-Lane Theatre, he observed, that he knew nothing so terrible as reading a piece before such a critical audience. "I know one thing much more terrible," said Mrs. Powell, "What can that be?" said our author; "to be obliged to listen to it," answered the lady.

A country gentleman reading a newspaper in a coffee-house, said to Mr. Holcroft, "I have been looking some time to see what the ministry are about, but I cannot find it."—"Look amongst the robberies," replied the other.

The following advertisement is from a Boston paper.

A young gentleman wishes to obtain board in some respectable private family, where there are no squalling children, nor peevish old women. The lady of the house must be good-natured, indulgent,

and obliging : cleanly in her person, and chaste in her conversation—She must not "serve up" hashes and cold meats for dinner more than five times in a week. She must not snuff nor begin to wash her dishes before the "Gentlemen" has retired from the table. Any one that is disposed to comply with those wholesome regulations, will please apply to the Repertory office for further particulars.

A skinner, and pelt manufacturer, who lately began business in the country, actually added the following *nota-bene* to his advertisement :—"Gentlemen waited upon for *their skins* at their own houses!"

Lottery Quiz

A Lottery-office keeper in Charleston, informs the people that 12,000 dollars may be had for *nothing*; which he demonstrates in this manner :—With the ticket first purchased, you *may* draw such prize as will cover the original loss, and obtain another, with which you *may* draw the 12,000 dollars. Such an event is *possible*!

At a tea party, a few evenings ago, a young gentleman (being at a loss for conversation) said, "pray Miss, does not your mother keep a cow?" "No, sir," replied the

young lady, "but I presume your mother keeps a calf?"

From London papers.

An instance of Honour and Honesty.

In the year 1787, Mr. Thomas Leishman, Baker, in Paisley, had the misfortune to become insolvent; he got a settlement at that time with his creditors, and after sumptuously entertaining them at dinner, paid them the balance of his debts, with interest. Such an instance of strict integrity, so laudable and praiseworthy, reflects much honor to himself and his family, and for the sake of human nature, ought not to be concealed. The gentlemen immediately voted him a valuable piece of plate, with an appropriate inscription, as a small testimony of their esteem and regard, to a character so highly meritorious.

Caution against premature interment.

A woman, of the name of Prosser, residing at Hay, Breconshire, who had been for some time in a very ill state of health, was lately supposed by the person in attendance, to have died, and the necessary preparations for the funeral had commenced; the body was laid out by a female usually employed on such occasions, who, on returning to the house about six hours afterwards, and observing the hands had been moved from the situation in which they had

been placed, concluded that some person had been in the room; but on going to close the mouth, was greatly alarmed by the supposed corpse exclaiming, "Do not close my mouth, for I am not yet dead," which threw her into fits. The sick person has since so far recovered, as to be able to sit up in her room, is still living, although in a very languished state, and she declares that she heard all the conversation which passed, relative to her funeral but from extreme weakness, had not the power of speech or motion.

CAPTAIN BARCLAY.

This gentleman completed his arduous undertaking, to walk a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours, at the rate of a mile in each and every hour, on yesterday morning. He had until four o'clock to finish his task, but he performed his last mile in a little more than a quarter of an hour after three. With the change of the weather he had thrown off his loose great coat, which he wore during the rainy period, and on Wednesday performed in a flannel jacket. When asked how he meant to act, after he had finished, he said he should that night take a good sleep, but must have himself awaked twice or thrice in the night, to avoid the danger of a too sudden transition. Immediately on terminating the match, he went into a warm bath, and the

bells of Newmarket rung a welcome peal. The Captain next put on his flannels, by the advice of his surgeon, and went to bed, and was not called until 11 o'clock at night. He felt no inconvenience on the match until the fourth week, when he became rather lame in the back, sinews and call of his right leg, which never could be removed, although the pedestrian was much better at the termination of the match, than at the end of the fourth week. He had sixteen thousand pounds sterling depending upon his undertaking.

A young man of the name of Drayton, of St. Martin's lane, has undertaken, for a considerable wager, to pull in a pound weight, at the distance of a mile; that is, the weight is to be attached to a string, a mile in length, and he is to stand still and pull it to himself. The time allowed for this singular performance, is two hours and a half. The odds are against him.

The success of captain Barclay in his late Herculean undertaking, has excited an ardent desire among a certain class of society, to perform wonderful feats. A gentleman in Augusshire has offered to take a high bet, that he will drink a thousand tumblers of whiskey punch (*i. e.* a thousand wine glasses of that strong liquor, diluted with water) in a thousand succes-

sive hours, taking one tumbler in each and every hour.

A person has undertaken, for a thousand guineas, to eat a thousand puddings in a thousand successive hours—each pudding to weigh one pound!—Bets are two to one in favour of the performance.

John Miles, a farmer, residing at Goring, near Walingford, born in the year 1723, has offered to back himself for the sum of fifty guineas, to walk fifty miles on the turnpike road in fifteen hours; last year he performed a journey of fifty two miles within that time, after having worked six hours in a hay field; and two years ago, he walked a mile in five minutes, for a bet of a gallon of porter; he is a small muscular man, and enjoys all his faculties.

The exploit performed by captain Barclay has excited great emulation among the pedestrian heroes, but of all the captain's rivals, the most formidable is one who has stated his pretensions in an advertisement to the following effect:—

Whereas it is the general report of people, that no Englishman can perform such a task as captain Barclay has. Gentlemen,

John Bull, aged 32, a native of Somersetshire, will undertake, if any gentleman will back him, to walk fifteen hundred miles in one thousand hours, in walking one mile and a half in every hour. Any gentleman willing to back him, address a line, post paid, &c.

From the Port Folio.

ORIGINAL EPIGRAM.

A STINGY fellow, 'tis no matter who
Had "once upon a time, some work,
to do ;
He told a man, they call'd him Sam, I
think,
That if he'd do this job, he'd give him
a drink,
Such as could not in any place be sold,
For it was then exactly ten years old.
The work is done, the miser gives a
dram—
"How old you call dis, Massa?" says
poor Sam,
"Ten years, exactly."—"Ten years!"
in a rage,
Says Sam, "he be damn little of his
age!"

MARRIED,

On the 28th ult. by the rev. Mr. Lyell, Capt. William M'Cormick, to Mrs. Mary Lynch, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. John Williams, Mr. Joshua Gilbert, to Miss Alice Broughton, both of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the rev. Mr. Kuipers, Mr. Philip S. Hone, merchant, to Miss Mary M. Van Antwerp, daughter of Mr. Daniel Van Antwerp, all of this city.

At Cedar Swamp, L. I. on Saturday evening, the 16th ult. by Jacobus Hagamon, Esq. Mr. William Simonson, to Miss Sally Willis, daughter of Townsend Willis, Esq. all of the place.

Last week, his Honor, Ambrose Spencer, Esq. to Mrs. Norton, relict of Samuel Norton, Esq. and sister to his Honor the Mayor.

DIED,

At Elizabeth City, North Carolina, Mr. James T. Stuart, eldest son of Mr. James Stuart, of this city.

On Tuesday morning, at the Marine Hospital, Mr. Atkinson Todd, in the 28th year of his age, a native of Scotland. He arrived here passenger in the brig Elizabeth, from Porto Rico.

On the 22^d inst. after a short illness, at Albany, in the 19th year of his age, Mr. James Ray, student at Law, son of the late James Ray, Esq. of this city.

.....

Our City Inspector reports the death of 45 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.



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To the Editor.

Sir,

If you think the following prophecy, made one hundred and eighty-nine years since, copied from the *Post Boy*, a paper printed in this city in 1744, worthy of being transcribed into your Miscellany, it is much at your service.

YOUR FRIEND.

From the New-York Post-boy, of March 11, 1744.

The following prophecy of JOHANNES LICH TENBERG, a Carthusian Monk, well versed in Astronomy, who lived about the year 1620, may perhaps divert some of your readers, and for that end I have endeavoured to put it into an English dress.

THE ORIGINAL.

Wanneer den Arend sich sal aen de Lely binden,

Dan sal men haest de val van't weeligh Roomen vinden ;

Der Vrancken Koningh dan sijn vleugels soo ver reekt,

Dat hy gantsch Duytsland voor Besch-errem Heer verstreckt.

De Vorsten die in't Noord, en naer de middagh woonen,

Die sullen tot sijn will ghewilligh sich vertoonen ;

Dan sal een yder met verwonderen besien
Wat vreemde dingen dat in't Duytsche Rijk gheschien.

De Kerken, die dus lang in dwangh besloten waren,
Zyn vry, men hoort'er weer het snuyvere verklaren
Van 't heylighe ghelooft : de Pausse-lijke Macht,
Is uyt, en door God's roe geheel tot niet ghebracht.

Dan sal de Tooren van Kastilien oock beven,
Hier komt de klokke Leeuw sijn heyligh Boeck ons gheven ;
Nu trildt een machtigh Huys en wag-
gelt tot een val,
Dan roept men heel verheucht : 't is Vrede over al.

TRANSLATION.

Whene'er the Eagle and the Lily join,
You then will see the papal power decline ;
The French King then with wings extended wide,
Shall seem to every German Prince a guide.

The north and western powers will submit
To shape their conduct as that King thinks fit ;
Then shall each one with wonder and surprise,
View what strange things in Germany arise.

The Church which long in slavery remain'd,
Has now at last its liberty obtain'd ;
While through God's wrath the Hierarchy of Rome
Is quite o'eturn'd, and met its fatal doom.

Then shall the Spanish Monarchy be
seen
To tremble at the fiercer lion's mein ;
A mighty house on Ruin's brink shall
stand,
Then happy peace shall soon possess
the land.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

*Versification of the 1st chapter of Ruth,
Verse 16th and 17th.*

BY JULIA FRANCESCA.

THE gentle Ruth obedient bow'd her
head,
As to the weeping Naomi she press'd,
And thus in soft and pleading accents
said,
And sooth'd the hapless matron she
address'd.

"Entreat me not to leave thee thus in
woe,
Or to refrain from following thee
afar ;
For where thou goest, thither will I go,
And still thy poor, and humble lodg-
ing share.

"Thy people shall be mine—thy God my
God !
And when thou diest, buried by thy
side,
I'll bow submissive to the Almighty
Rod,
So nought but death shall thee and
me divide."

And when Naomi saw her steadfast
mind,
No more she said, but onwards bent
their way

To Bethlehem's fertile fields ; in con-
verse kind,
Did Ruth beguile the matron's dark-
en'd day.

In Bethlehem's fields, fair Ruth was fa-
vor shewn,
'Twas there that Boaz (the good, the
rich, and great)
Saw her and lov'd—with virtues like
his own ;
Their hands were join'd—Naomi
bless'd her fate.

EPITAPH,

Applicable to more than Madam Wagg.

HERE lies Madam Wagg,
And we hope she's at rest—
But without love and Brag,
She'll be sadly distress'd.

So lest cards might be few
In so distant a land,
She discreetly withdrew
With a pack in her hand.

THE WISH.

I'VE often wish'd to have a friend,
With whom my choicest hours to spend ;
To whom I safely might impart
Each wish and weakness of my heart ;
Who might in every sorrow cheer,
And mingle with my griefs a tear ;
For whom alone I wish to be,
And who would only live for me ;
And to secure my bliss for life,
I'd wish that friend to be a—WIFE,

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